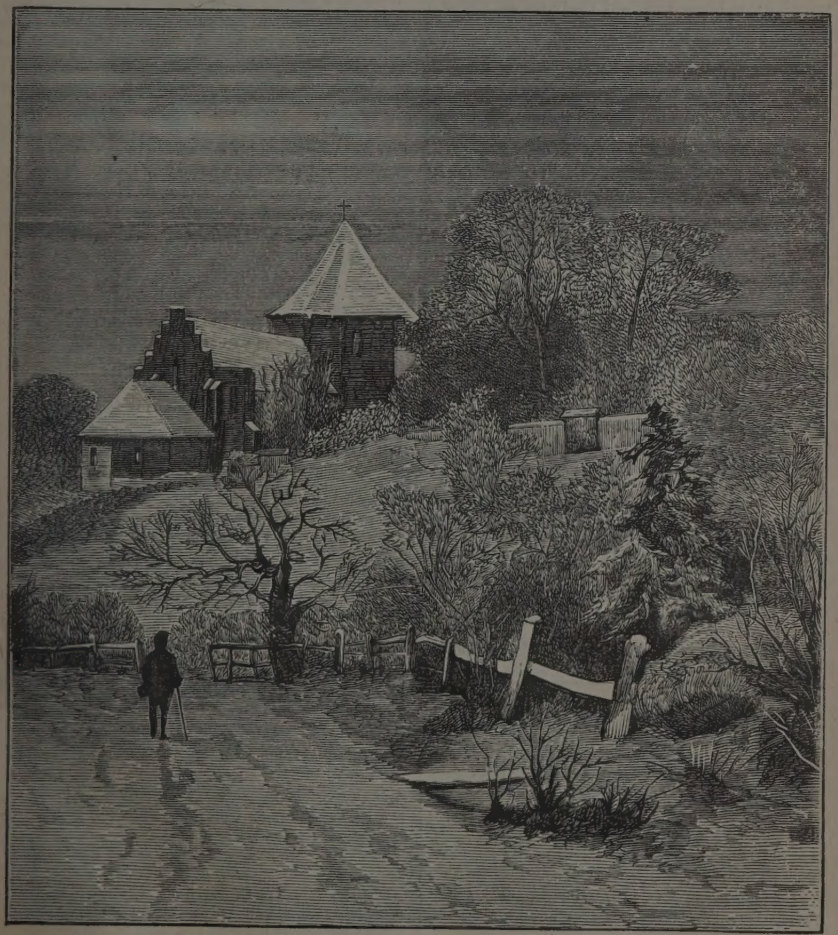
THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXV. } JANUARY, 1874. { NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 1.



WINTER.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1874.

ALL the means afforded us have been brought into requisition to make THE DAYSPRING attractive, interesting, and helpful to the young. The many kind words that have reached us from all parts of the country assure us that our efforts have not been in vain.

We commence the present year hoping to be able to do still better for our young readers, and to make the magazine a more efficient co-worker in our Sunday-schools.

We are happy to be able to announce that CHARLES F. BARNARD, Jr., the editor of the "Vox Humana," will take charge of our musical department, and see that our pages are furnished with a good piece of Sunday-school music each month.

We desire to ask the aid of superintendents and teachers in increasing our circulation. A few more copies taken in each school, or in each neighborhood, will make thousands in the aggregate, and will bring up the receipts from subscriptions sufficiently to cover the expense of publication.

An earnest effort on the part of our friends will increase the circulation of THE DAYSPRING *two thousand copies.*

For The Dayspring.

1873–1874.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE OLD.

ONE winter's night, the snow was falling fast,
And old Jack Frost was riding on the blast,
Binding the rivers with his icy chain,
And drawing patterns on the window-pane.
Two little children laid their curly heads
Upon the pillows of their cosey beds;
And, though all things around invited sleep,
Their little eyes would still wide open keep.
For saddest thoughts were filling each young breast,
And this the reason why they could not rest.
The year was dying, — yes, the good old year,
Filled with so many scenes and memories dear,
Was passing out upon the stormy blast,
To be recorded with the sacred past.
And, as they thought upon the days now gone,
A gentle radiance through the chamber shone;
And a bent form, with slow and measured tread,
Entered their room and stood beside their bed.
They knew not why, but yet they felt no fear
When this strange apparition did appear;
And when he raised his features to their view,
They felt that they had known and loved him too.
His hair and beard were white as driven snow;
His dress was of a shape of long ago;
Within his hands a mighty book he grasped,
Of strange device and iron-bound and clasped;
And, as he turned its pages o'er and o'er,
His face grew sadder than it was before.
His weary sighs at first the silence broke,
And then in sad and earnest tones he spoke:
"My hour has come, and I must onward move
To bear my record to the courts above.
Alas! I scarce can bear my weight of grief
As, gazing on each blurred and blotted leaf,
I see the talents wasted, time misspent,
And trusts misused, for holy purpose lent.
Here deeds of infamy are writ; and here,
The orphan's wailing and the widow's tear.
Yet not all dark, — for here and there a line
Is writ in characters of gold, that shine
And shed their radiance upon all around, —
Bright deeds of love, with heavenly blessing crowned.
When, but a year ago, all pure and fair
And undefiled, this book became my care,
I thought to keep it free from every stain,
And thus unsullied give it back again."
He ceased to speak; and, with a heavy groan,
He closed the book, while tears came trickling down,
And slowly left the place. The church bell tolled,
But he was gone; for thus had passed the *Old.*

THE NEW.

A solemn stillness for a moment reigns:
Then over snow-clad hills and frost-bound plains

Pour forth such joyous peals from tower and steeple,
Bearing the joyful news to all the people;
And ringing out, in accents loud and clear,
"Welcome the coming of the glad New Year!"
The children heard these sounds of jollity,
And shouted "Welcome!" in their childish glee.
And then, as if in answer to their word,
A sprightly step was in the chamber heard;
And, as they gazed, a form of modest mien,
With face all smiling, in their room was seen.
The book within his hand was like the one
Borne by the form that had so lately gone;
But every page was virgin white, and free
From spot or blemish, — beautiful to see.
Then, gazing on the book so passing fair,
He bowed his knee, and raised his voice in prayer.
"Grant, Holy Father, as I onward go,
To do the work Thou'st given here below,
My record may be one of deeds divine.
With holy radiance let these pages shine.
Each day let it be mine, with willing pen,
To write of love to God and love to men;
So, when my day is done, may I restore
This book unsullied, as it was of yore."
He rose, and quickly from the chamber passed,
And merry peals came dancing on the blast.
The children woke as came the joyous chime
(For they had slept and dreamed this dream of time).
The bright sun shone upon the window-pane,
And they arose to life and joy again.
'Twas New Year's morning; and as each one thought
Upon the lesson that had thus been taught,
They prayed for guidance and for strength divine,
That their own lives with noble deeds might shine.
And let us join them in their humble prayer,
In noble effort let us gladly share;
True to our highest light, we need not fear
That this will prove to us a glad New Year.

For The Dayspring.

FAMOUS ENGLISH CASTLES AND ABBEYS.

III.

WINDSOR, a town in Berkshire, England, is situated on the right bank of the River Thames, twenty-two miles west of London. The name is from Windlesofra or Windleshora, from the winding of the river in this part.

WINDSOR CASTLE

has been the favorite country residence of the English kings for upwards of eight hundred years. It stands on a high hill, and commands a beautiful view of the Thames and the surrounding country.

The *Saxon* king, Edward the Confessor, had his royal castle or palace at Old Windsor, about two miles south-east of New Windsor. By him this domain was granted to the monks of Westminster, who exchanged it with William the Conqueror for other lands, about A.D. 1067.

About two miles from this royal Saxon castle, which William the Conqueror occupied as his palace, he erected a fortress, surrounded by walls which enclosed about forty acres. About forty years after, Henry I. enlarged this fortress, adding also a chapel; and he then moved from the old Saxon palace to this new castle, which, after many alterations, is the present Windsor Castle. It forms a hollow square, covering about twelve acres, and is divided into the Upper Ward, the Middle Ward or Round Tower, and the Lower Ward. On three of the outer sides of the building is a magnificent terrace.

The State apartments in the Upper Ward, being on the north side of the upper court, are termed the *Star building*, from a star and garter in the middle of the structure.

The Queen's private apartments look to the east, and the visitor's apartments to the south; in all, upwards of three hundred and sixty-nine rooms in these two departments!

The Upper Ward was built with the ransom of the captive King John, of France; and the Middle Ward or Round Tower, with the ransom of the captive King David, of Scotland.

Henry III. made many improvements in the Lower Ward; but Windsor Castle owes all its glory to Edward III. He commenced in the *Middle Ward* the Round Tower or Keep, in 1315, issuing writs to sheriffs and bailiffs of several counties to impress laborers to build it. On refusal to work, they were imprisoned. The pay that the clerk, or *head workman*, received, was one shilling per day!

This Round Tower occupies one side of the Square, and stands on an artificial mound, surrounded by a deep fosse, now a sunk garden. One apartment of the Tower was built for the assembling of a fraternity of knights, who should sit together at the "Round Table" on a footing of equality, as the knights sat in romance at King Arthur's "Round Table." For at that period distinction in rank was always observed at table, the places of persons of quality being at the head of the table and usually raised, those of the attendants and menials at the foot. A *round* table could not give these marks of distinction, and all seated at it were on an equality.

But, through the jealousy of Philip de Valois, King of France, Edward was prevented from carrying out this design; so he then established instead the "Order of the Garter," whose members could meet at the famed "Round Table."

The interior of this tower or keep is approached by a covered flight of one hundred steps; a second flight leads to the battlements. King George IV. added thirty-three feet to the height of the tower, besides a flag tower, which is twenty-five feet more.

The Round Tower or Keep was the *prison* of the castle for more than three hundred years. Here, James I. of Scotland was confined from his tenth to his twenty-ninth year. But, after the Restoration, the fortress-like character of the entire castle was changed; and it was fitted with the taste of a French palace, remaining thus about one hundred and eighty years, when in 1824 a thorough restoration was made, parliament granting £300,000 for repairs, enlargement of the windows, &c.

In the *Lower Ward* of the castle, Henry III. had erected a small chapel; and adjoining this Edward IV. added St. George's Chapel.

On the site of the former, Henry VII. erected the Tomb-House, or royal mausoleum; but afterwards built at Westminster a more stately tomb for himself. Henry VIII. granted to Cardinal Wolsey his father's first mausoleum, but after the downfall of the Cardinal the ornaments of the tomb were sold; and by James II. the Tomb-House was converted into a Romish chapel. Being defaced afterwards by a Protestant mob, it was used as a free school-house. But George III. reconverted it into a Tomb-House. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with mosaic work, and the windows filled with stained glass, as a sepulchral chapel in memory of Prince Albert. The west wall is covered with mosaic portraits of the sovereigns, churchmen, and architects connected with the castle and its anciently royal Chapel of St. George. The north windows are filled with portraits of German princes, ancestors of his Royal Highness, Prince Albert.

St. George's Chapel is the largest and most elegant of the three royal chapels in England.

Queen Elizabeth first caused the terraces to be formed; and along the north terrace added a gallery connecting the portion of the castle built by Henry VII. with that designed by herself. This is designated as Queen Elizabeth's Gallery.

The great gateway within the castle is the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's, Gate; without the castle are King Henry VIII.'s Gateway, St. George's, and George IV.'s. The

latter consists of two towers, called York and Lancaster, each one hundred feet high.

The octagon tower, one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the terrace, is higher than any other part of the castle, and was erected about forty years since; a gallery was also built then, connecting this tower with the Star Building or North Ward.

On the south side of the town of Windsor is the

GREAT PARK,

well stocked with deer. In the reign of Queen Anne it was a part of Windsor Forest, but was cut off from the castle by intervening private property. Therefore as much land was purchased as was required to make an avenue from the castle to the forest. This is the long walk. It is a straight line, three miles in length, reaching to the top of Snow Hill in the Great Park, on each side being a double row of stately elms. On the top of Snow Hill is a bronze equestrian statue of George III., fifty feet in height.

WINDSOR FOREST

is fifty-six miles in circuit.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

THE OLD YEAR.

Ah! it seems but yesterday
We rejoiced to hail his coming,
And for him the roundelay
Thus from door to door went humming.

Well we recollect the night
When the babe, so fair and tender,
Waiting for the morning light,
Lay in robe of snowy splendor.

Two still months the infant lay,
With that snow-white robe around him,
When, all suddenly, one day
March a blustering youngster found him.

April saw the wayward child
Full, by turns, of grief and laughter;
Now his face, like sunshine, smiled,
Tears came showering down right after.

All through May, and even June,
Youth's wild oats we saw him sowing;
But in summer-manhood soon
We behold him proudly glowing.

'Twas not long — one autumn day
Woke us from our summer-dreaming,
Hectic fires, that spoke decay,
From his brilliant cheeks were beaming.

And above his manly brow,
Where gold ringlets loved to cluster,
Silver-grey was sprinkled now,
And his eye wore strangest lustre.

Calmly, peacefully he passed,
With an angel train attended;
And last night he breathed his last,
For his work on earth was ended.

We shall see his face no more,
Yet his memory shall not perish:
All his worth, oft pondering o'er,
Long our grateful hearts shall cherish.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER I.

First, We Were Babies.

HIS time I must tell you a true story? But I know only one, and that is about Miriam and me; and you see we had such a quiet time, and nothing queer happened to us, that I fear it will not amuse you. And then I always notice that you like best to hear about bad little Johnny, instead of good little George; and though

I was naughty sometimes, Miriam was very seldom.

We did not live in a grotto nor a slimy cave, nor even on a desert island. We had plenty to eat, and sat by a warm fire, and slept in a comfortable bed. We were not run over, and did not get lost in the streets, nor did a chimney, much less our house, blow down.

The other day, in the steam car, I watched a child reading aloud to her mother the history of a doll, and, when she got through that, the story of "Jack the Giant-killer." Now both were pleasant to read about; but, to tell you the truth, I am such a coward that, even as old as I am now, I would rather live with a doll than a giant. And, if you are a boy, I should think you'd prefer a horse, — I mean a rocking-horse.

I should begin to tell you about Miriam, — or Molly, as I used to call her, — but there was no Miriam till I was eighteen months old. When I first opened my eyes in this bright, beautiful world, my mind was so asleep that I knew no more than your kitten; and I took much longer to learn, for before many weeks a kitten cuts all sorts of capers, while I was no better than an animated bundle, to be tossed from lap to lap, to be rocked and walked with.

I did not see any difference between my little brothers and the grown-up folks; and Edward might have died, as well as bonny Charles, without my crying, — though I knew how to better than most babies. Nobody could tell what it meant; I didn't seem to have any thing to cry for, for I was well, and well taken care of; but everybody was tired to death of my crying except Nurse Toto, and kept saying, "What ails that child?"

Well, they say a child who cries has strong lungs; and I stopped at last, just in time to give Miriam a chance to strengthen hers. She never knew how so well as I did; but she was a deal prettier, with a ovely little figure, and a crop of black hair that made her look like one of the old Boston ministers.

By that time I had got through creeping, and toddled, clutching at hands and chairs, hiding in Toto's skirts at the sound of steps. I read in an old letter the other day: "Lucilla" (that was my name) "looks very much surprised when we go to her crib in the morning, and say, 'Where's father, baby?' and no father appears to answer her outstretched arms."

Did you ever think how very strange it is that a baby learns to stand, to walk, to talk, without knowing any thing about it? But there is something I want you to remember a great deal more, and that is, how very early little children begin to suffer; that a noise that you would enjoy startles, if not frightens them, and that it pains them very much to have something bright and pretty held towards them only to be snatched away.

One of the nursery stories I was never tired of hearing was of my stealing bites out of Toto's big pears. I could never tell whether I remembered gently creeping to the side of my crib nearest the bureau while Toto was busy talking to her friend; but I must have known I was doing wrong, baby as I was, for —

> "When doing right,
> We court the light."

Older children excuse themselves by saying, "Only something to eat!" but if you want to grow up brave and honest, you must keep your eyes off your neighbors' fruit, and your hands off your mother's cake. It is the habit of honesty in trifles which makes one honest in great things.

How Molly and I enjoyed going to our first school! First, there was the school-

ma'am's mysterious baby in its big cradle; and then there was the delight of carrying home *Rewards of Merit*, which told, in black and white, that we had behaved ourselves and learned our lessons. How frantically we flew downstairs when they blew out the window!

Not long before this Carlos was born; who, just as soon as he could, began to kick and to climb, and to show that he had by no manner of means come into the world to play with dollies or sit over a book. It seemed as if *we* were very easy to get into disgrace over things to eat; for, when Carlos was not more than three years old, he hid in a dark closet to eat up a sheet of new sponge cake, and then was so frightened that he kept as still as a mouse, though his name was shouted all over the house. And it was only when we were going to send for the town crier to ring his big bell, and cry "Lost Child!" describing his clothes and looks, that the nurse went to the darkest part of the closet and dragged him to the light.

I would not have you think he stole cake when he was older; but he was apt to get into mischief, he was so adventurous, and as light and active as a monkey. He was a pleasant-tempered boy, and I do not remember that he ever plagued Molly and me as we played with our dolls, read our books, or did any other beautiful new or old thing.

HUMOROUS.

THE religious papers, as well as the secular, seem to be convinced that

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men."

So they have columns of "Pleasantries," "Witticisms," "Oddities," and the like, at which good honest Christians may laugh as much as they choose.

Well, what is good for the "best of men," is good also for the best of boys and girls. The "Dayspring" has thousands of these among its readers, and will always be glad to help them to a good-natured laugh.

A young preacher who wished to impress upon his audience the arduous task that devolved upon Noah and his sons in getting the animals safely stowed in the ark, said, "Ah! my hearers, think of the immense labor it must have required to get in *a pair of whales!*"

A teacher asked a dull pupil what *S* double *e* spelt?

"I dun know."

"Dunce!" said the teacher, impatiently, "what do I do with my eyes?"

"Squint."

A mother was admonishing her little boy to do everything promptly, and to remember the proverb, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "O mother! then let us eat the rest of the plum-pudding to-night!" was the reply.

A passenger, observing a lock on a stove in a railroad car, asked his companion why it was there. He got for a reply, "To prevent the fire's *going out*."

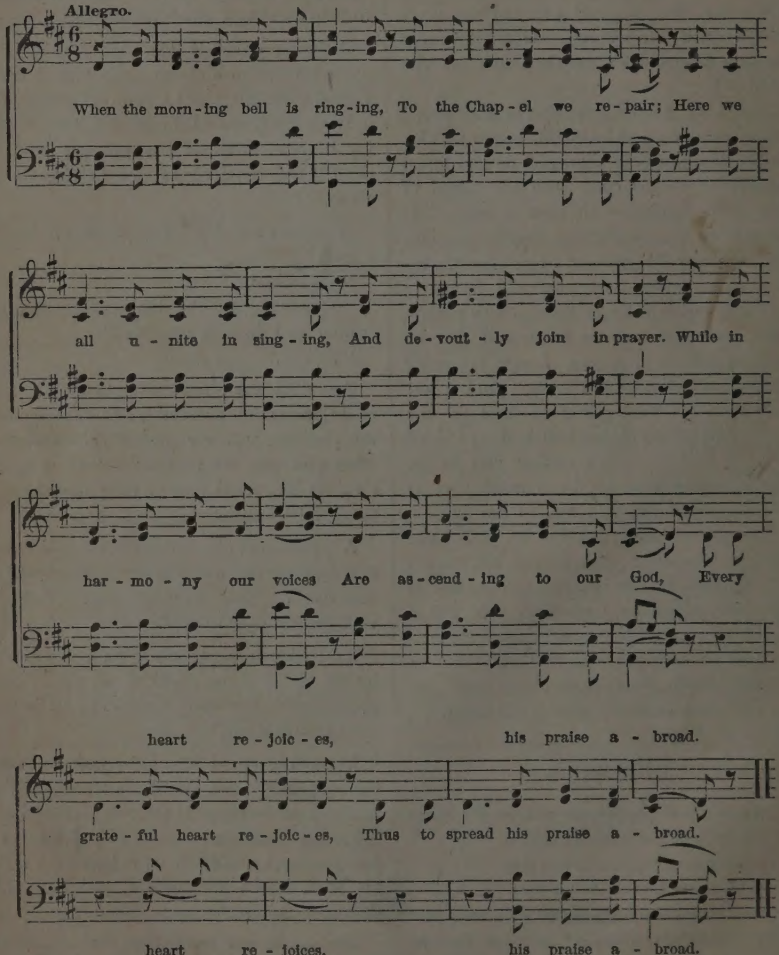
An Irishman, being asked what was meant by the *posthumous works* of an author, replied that "they were the works he wrote after he was dead."

In reading aloud it is important to place the emphasis upon the right words. The minister in reading 1 Kings xiii. 13, in the following manner, hardly did justice to the prophet: "And the prophet said unto his sons, *Saddle me the ass.* So they saddled *him*, the ass."

The above was worse than the mistake of the boy who was accused of making game of the patriarchs, because in his reading he called the word "patriarchs" *partridges*.

SUNDAY MORNING. 8s & 7s.

May be sung to any appropriate 8s and 7s hymn. CHARLES BARNARD.


Allegro.
When the morn-ing bell is ring-ing, To the Chap-el we re-pair; Here we
all u-nite in sing-ing, And de-vout-ly join in prayer. While in
har-mo-ny our voices Are as-cend-ing to our God, Every
heart re-joic-es, his praise a-broad.
grate-ful heart re-joic-es, Thus to spread his praise a-broad.
heart re-joices, his praise a-broad.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by CHARLES BARNARD, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

THE CATCHER CAUGHT.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

GOOD morning, my little readers. *A Happy New Year* to you How glad I am to see you!

Well, well! So some of you who were glad of the big print last year say you won't read the big print this year! Be off, then, with the great boys and girls, and read the smaller print; but I shall wish you *A Happy New Year* all the same, as I will everybody that looks at me.

What a lot of new faces! Where did all these little girls and little boys come from? They want the large print, do they? and just the nicest stories I can tell?

All right! They shall have just what they want. I am never so happy as when I am making the little ones happy. How I do love to see their eyes sparkle, and hear their merry voices!

You may all look to me to do my very best. I will not only tell you stories, but I will sing to you and show you pictures. But, in every thing I do, I shall mean some good for you. Will you be sure and find it?

Have you learned yet a New Year's verse? Here is one you may learn, and then you can think of it every day.

For the whole long year I will try
To be kind and gentle and true;
I will love my Father on high,
And the good He asks of me, do.

I shall learn that verse; and, every time I say it, I shall mean it. If you mean it, too, we shall do ever so much good this year.

Your friend always,

THE DAYSPRING.

THE CATCHER CAUGHT.

THE crawfish is something like the lobster. It is found in rivers, and is sometimes called the river-lobster.

Animals of the lobster kind nip very hard with their big claws. The two boys represented in the engraving have been having a good time catching crawfish, pulling them out of the sand in which they had embedded themselves. One of the boys, having seized a crawfish by the claw, finds that the crawfish is disposed to return the grip. Does the boy look as if he enjoyed it? Which has the appearance of being caught, — the boy or the crawfish?

For The Dayspring.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE bright-eyed darling
Knelt by her cradle bed,
And in accents sweet and childlike
These are the words she said:

"I thank Thee, my dear Father,
For thy gifts which never cease;
And for the precious Saviour,
And *his* precious gift of peace.

"Lord, make me ever grateful,
And teach me when I pray, —
Teach me the thoughts to think,
And the very words to say.

"And make me kind and helpful,
Truthful and good alway;
And guide my infant footsteps,
That I may never stray.

"And wilt thou bless my parents,
Brothers, and sisters dear;
And, O dear Lord in heaven,
My supplication hear!

"And bless all wicked people,
And naughty children too;
For, O dear Heavenly Father,
They don't know what they do."

. . . . .

Well said the good Lord Jesus,
"Heaven's kingdom is of such;"
Both because they are so pure,
And because they love so much.

M. L. B.

For The Dayspring.

THE WAX DOLL.

POOR little Nellie Watson! It was lonely to stay and mind the store, while her mother went to carry home the bundle of work to the big house, just outside of the village. Nelly preferred watching for her at the door, to sitting in the lonely kitchen, for she was any thing but a brave little girl, and it seemed much safer so close to the street where an occasional passer-by bade her good evening.

She soon, however, began to feel chilly, so retreated to the counter, and peered into the glass case, endeavoring to find some slight amusement in viewing the rolls of tape and braid, and counting the rows of buttons. But what was that lying just inside the glass, with hair in soft golden curls, rosy cheeks, vermilion lips, and beautiful eyes exactly matching the blue tarletan dress?

Nellie drew a deep breath. "Oh, if I might hold it in my arms for one moment, smooth those ringlets and kiss those red lips!" thought Nellie. She moved her hand to open the case; but no, mother had forbidden that.

Well, she could at least sit close to the case and talk to her vision of beauty. So, pulling a chair forward, she sat down, and, laying her cheek against the glass, began to tell the doll all her troubles; for, from having been obliged to spend so many lonely hours, Nellie had grown into the way of making friends and playmates of inanimate things. This made her life less lonely. It was a feeling of companionship, however, which most of the readers of the "Dayspring," who have sisters and brothers and playmates, can hardly understand.

Lillie Winchester was sitting on a low stool at her mother's feet, singing her doll, Angelina Maria, to sleep. There came a tap at the door, and Mrs. Watson came in with a bundle.

"Good evening, Mrs. Watson," said Lillie's mother: "take a chair. Lillie dear, go up to the nursery and ask nurse for that parcel that I told her to wrap up."

Down went Miss Angelina Maria on the sofa, and away went Lillie's nimble little feet upstairs to the nursery and downstairs to the library again.

"Give it to Mrs. Watson, Lillie," said her mother, "and tell her you hope the dress will fit Nellie. I shall come in a day or two to speak to you about Lillie's black alpaca. Good evening."

"Good evening, ma'am."

"Wait a minute, please, Mrs. Watson," called Lillie. "I have an orange for Nellie. Here it is, and tell her to come to see me, and ride on my rocking-horse." Mrs. Watson thanked both Lillie and her mother, and withdrew.

Lillie returned to her former seat, but

Angelina Maria lay neglected in her lap, and her blue eyes gazed abstractedly into the fire. Presently she broke the silence, "Mamma?"

"What, dear?"

"Was it *generosity* to give Nellie my old dress?"

"No, dear: you did not need it yourself, you know. But it was *right* to do so."

"Then it wasn't even generosity to give that orange?"

"Not exactly, for you know you can get another."

Lillie sighed and looked again at the fire, but, seeing nothing there to help her in her perplexity, turned to her mother again. "What is it to be *really* generous, mamma?"

"To give away what you really want yourself."

Lillie was preparing for more questions, when she heard the gate shut, and the sound of Jerry's hoofs in the avenue, and knew that papa had come. So tucking Angelina Maria under her arm, and taking mamma's hand, she went out to meet him.

A few days after this, Nellie was sitting in the shop with her mother, reading a fairy story aloud. She had begged that the glass case might be left a little bit open, that the wax doll (Miss Rosabelle she had named her) might hear too. The story was nearly finished when it was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Winchester and Lillie. The two little girls had quite a talk about Sunday School until Mrs. Winchester had concluded her directions; but just as Lillie was starting, Miss Rosabelle, behind the glass, caught her eye.

"Look, look, mamma!" she said. "What a lovely doll! Won't you buy it for me?"

Poor little Nellie! the idea of Miss Rosabelle's being bought and carried off had never once entered her mind; but Mrs. Winchester shook her head, "Not to-day, dear, I think. Good bye, Mrs. Watson. Good bye, Nellie."

"Oh, I'm so glad she didn't buy it!" cried Nellie, as soon as the shop door was closed.

"And I am so sorry," rejoined her mother.

"Why, mother?"

"Because I fear I shall not be able to sell it. There was a risk in my bringing it up from town; for, if no one buys it, I shall lose the money I paid for it. But you shall have a doll some day, Nellie."

"'Some day' never comes," replied Nellie, disconsolately; "and, besides, I wouldn't care for a china doll, now that I have seen Miss Rosabelle."

Here Nellie suddenly remembered what the minister had said last Sunday about not fretting over little troubles, but trying to make the best of them. So she picked up her book, and went on with her story.

Meanwhile Lillie was thinking, all the way home, of the doll. When she arrived there, she found, to her great joy, that grandpa had come from town to stay several days. During his visit, she was so busy doing the honors that she thought of nothing else. When he took leave of his little pet, he slipped two crisp one dollar greenbacks into her hand, and told her to do what she liked with them.

Soon after, Lillie, having begged mamma to accompany her, went up to the nursery, and put on her hat and jacket, and started off for Mrs. Watson's store.

"I've come to buy the doll, Mrs. Watson," she said, rushing in. "Why, what's the matter, Nellie?" For Nellie had turned her face to the wall, and was beginning to sob. "What *is* the matter with her, Mrs. Watson?"

"It's the doll, Miss Lillie; she's grown so fond of it. But don't cry so, Nellie."

"I've done now," said Nelly, resolutely, turning around with two big tears in her brown eyes.

Lillie stood irresolute while Mrs. Watson lifted the doll out of the glass case, then laid her money on the counter.

"If you'd just let me hold her in my arms a minute, Miss Lillie ——."

"Certainly, Nellie, as long as you like."

Nellie took the doll, smoothed her ringlets, kissed her red lips, then returned her to Lillie, without a word.

"She shall have my Angelina Maria," Lillie whispered to her mother; but her mother did not answer, and Lillie felt an uncomfortable feeling arising in her throat, and thought, somehow, she did not like Miss Rosabelle nearly as well as she had expected. When she reached home she sought out Angelina Maria; but that young lady looked so old and battered beside her rival, that Lillie observed politely, "You are too old and ugly to think of giving away. And I dont think you are much better," she added, taking up the new comer.

Just about sunset, as Mrs. Winchester was sitting in the library with her worsted work, Lillie came in with her things on and her doll in her arms.

"Mamma!"

"What, dear?"

"May I go down to Nellie's?"

"What for, Lillie?"

"To give her this doll. O mamma! I want to be *truly generous*. Mayn't I go now?"

"Nurse is busy, and it is almost too late for you to go alone. Won't to-morrow do as well?"

"Oh no, mamma! for I know Nellie is all alone at this time, and she will be so pleased."

"Go, dear; but come back as soon as you can."

How fast Lillie's feet carried her through the village, down the street, until she stopped and ran up the shop steps!

Nellie's face was pressed against the glass; she opened the door quickly when she saw her visitor.

"Here, Nellie," panted Lillie, out of breath; "I want you to take this doll. You love her a great deal better than I do."

"O, Miss Lillie! you don't mean to give it to me! Indeed, I can't take it."

"But you must, Nellie; I shall feel very badly if you don't."

Nellie could not find voice enough to *say* "thank you." But Lillie's walk home was brightened by the memory of those grateful eyes, and the consciousness of having made one little heart happy, by being *truly generous*.

"I believe you are prettier than Miss Rosabelle, after all," she observed, with a hug and a kiss, that night to Angelina Maria.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE NELL.

"GRANDPA," said Nell, "I'm tired of school;
I wish that I could be
A little bird, to sing all day,
And fly from tree to tree."

Her Grandpa smiled, and kissed her cheek.
"Well, little Nell," said he,
"We'll play you are a merry bird,
And you shall sing for me.

"We'll go out in the field to play;
You must not speak a word,
But sit and sing to me all day,
Just like a little bird."

"Oh, that will be such fun!" said Nell.
She clapped her hands in glee.
"We'll take our dinner too, and I
Will eat mine in the tree."

Then Grandpa laughed aloud: "Oh, no!
Why, little Nell, you see,
If you're a bird, then you must find
Your dinner in the tree."

"But, Grandpa, I can't eat the worms,
Like little birds, you know;
And cherries, that I love so much, —
We ate them long ago.

"No, Grandpa: I won't be a bird;
I'll play I am a bee,
And suck the honey, as bees do,
From every flower I see."

"Just as you like, my little Nell;
But yet you must not break
The pretty flowers, if like the bees
Their honey you would take."

"O Grandpa! I may surely pick
The clovers white and red, —
They're such a very common flower."
But Grandpa shook his head.

"Well, then, I'll be a squirrel brown,
And come and peep at you;
But when you turn, I'll whisk away
As fast as I can go."

"But if you find a nut to crack,
I wonder what you'll do."
"Oh, wait! I'll be a pussy cat;
And when I come and mew,

"You'll have a saucer full of milk,
And bits of bread and meat;
And I will come and sit by you,
And purr the while I eat.

"Oh, yes! I'll be a pussy cat;
For it will be such fun
To run about and play all day,
Or sleep beneath the sun."

"And may I give your book away,
Your dresses and your hat?
You will not want them any more,
If you're a pussy cat.

"When Christmas comes, you need not hang
Your stocking up, you know;
But have a ball to roll about,
Or play out in the snow."

"O Grandpa! now that is not fair;
You know I would not be
A pussy cat if you could give
The whole wide world to me.

"And, after all, I think it's best
To be just little Nell;
So, Grandpa, I will go to school,
And learn to read and spell."

BESSIE BENTLY.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AGAINST Emmerick of Hungary Prince Andrew did conspire;
Where love had ruled each brother's heart, now governed bitter ire.
"What! dares this boy," exclaims the King,
"'gainst me to raise his hand,
And join with knaves, rebellion's seed to scatter o'er my land?"

The Prince's vain young heart had been by flattery's wiles misled;
And soon sedition's flames rose high, and o'er Pommania spread.
While to the rebel's standard many brave and valiant turned,
Whose hearts against their sovereign with strife and anger burned.

With sorrow in his soul, Emmerick leads forth his armèd might;
And the leaders stand opposed, — decided soon shall be the fight.
But from his tent the King comes forth, no weapon in his hand,
And undefended stands amid his foes' bloodthirsty band.

With haughty mien and angry voice, the Prince aloud demands,
"A warrior who with kingly blood will dare to dye his hands."
But fixed with wonder as enchained, mute before him stands the host;
And the kingly honor, nobly risked, in truth shall not be lost.

To the tent of the young Prince King Emmerick now turns;
Kindly takes the rebel's hand, for whom his heart with pity yearns:

"In the name of our mother, let this strife between us cease.
Not foes are we, but brothers, and between us must be peace."

To his own tent he leads him, from the watching crowd apart;
Weeping, holds him tenderly to his loving brother heart.
And the battle's won already, and the armies quit the field;
Yet no blood stain dyes the earth, nor did princely honor yield. F. B. T.

BOOK NOTICES.

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., is a book the grown-up people will be glad to read. It is published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC, from the same firm, with its rich pictures and good reading, will make all the household glad, from the youngest to the oldest.

THE YEAR-BOOK of the Unitarian Congregational Churches, for 1874, made its appearance in good time, as carefully prepared and as handsomely printed as its predecessors.

THE BIBLE RULE OF LIFE is a gem of a volume, prepared by Mrs. M. L. Bennett, and published by the American Unitarian Association. Mrs. Bennett has worked the Scripture mine so long and faithfully that she knows the rich veins of pure gold. The specimens of that precious metal she now sends us need no refining or stamping, but can be put at once into circulation, sure to meet the exigencies of life.

MAGAZINES.

THE NURSERY. A monthly magazine for youngest readers. Boston: John L. Shorey. $1.50 a year.

This publication has become too well known to need a word said in its favor. We wish all the little ones could be blessed with its monthly visits.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. For young and old. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $3.00 a year.

This popular magazine now commences its eighth year. It promises a great variety of rich and attractive reading, and will more than hold its own with the young people. In its different departments, it certainly gives all that could be asked.

ST. NICHOLAS and OUR YOUNG FOLKS. New York: Scribner & Co. $3.00 a year.

J. R. Osgood & Co. will no longer publish "Our Young Folks." That publication has been merged into the "St. Nicholas," and will now hail from New York instead of Boston. The new publication gives a third more reading matter than the old, and, judging from the Christmas number, will never fail to delight its readers.

"I CAN PLOD."

WHEN Dr. Carey, the great pioneer of mission work in India, first proposed his plans to his father, he said, "William, are you mad?" His discouragements in first entering upon his work were very great. What was the secret that enabled the shoemaker's apprentice to become one of the most distinguished men of his age? What brilliant gift raised him from an obscure position to one of honor and fame, as the author of grammars and dictionaries, translations of the Bible and other books? He either translated or assisted in the completion of twenty-seven versions of Scripture, requiring a knowledge of as many languages or dialects. He tells us the *secret*. In giving an estimate of his own character, he speaks of himself with Christian humility, but with full consciousness of the honor put upon him

in the wonderful results he had been permitted to achieve. He says, "*I can plod, I can persevere!*" He does not say, as we hear too often now-a-days, "I can always manage to get along, and keep up with my class in some way, without much study; I can jump at the meaning of my lessons; or I can catch up a trade without years of hard labor:" but, "I can *persevere!*" Plodding boys, hold up your heads! You may seem to be left behind in the race by smart companions; but plod on: "the race is not" always "to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." •

Early Days.

Puzzles.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two of the most eminent Unitarian Preachers.

These worthy men's profession I describe;
A welcome season to the youthful tribe;
The highest festival of Mussulmans;
Each entering guest successively he scans;
What foolish persons oftentimes are styled;
When merry, gives delight to every child;
What we must do with secret villany;
A martyr in the cause of liberty;
What is increased by adding nothing to it;
If any thing was knowable, he knew it;
An implement of female industry;
An old-school gentlemanly quality;
A froth-tipped food that keeps us craving more;
What you can't do to that named just before;
A well-known chorus after me is named;
A wretch of whom all clean men are ashamed;
Take one from me, no other will remain;
A river's abrupt curve meandering through the plain.
An Eastern plant that soothes all care and pain.

C. T. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

28.

For service a *fire* doth answer quite well,
But is bad for a master, as Boston can tell.
The *emerald's* a jewel most precious to view,
And *Lessing* a critic, bard, dramatist, too.
The hill that in Greece by sunrise is kissed,
Is *Ida*, I guess, lest my classics I've missed.
If lightly and easy you'd move on the road,
You must *canter* your steed when riding abroad.
The plant *Ipomea* its beauty displays
When the morning unfolds its glorious rays.
The creature that's commonest known of or heard
Is *animal*, whether man, beast, or bird.
Prince *Hal* and his friend are provokers of mirth
Where Shakspeare is read, through all the broad earth.
Engedi, an Orient cave, says learned Kitto,
Though the Bible says Gedi, as both you and I know.
The island that stands near to Ireland's shore
Is *Man*, famed for cats, if famed for no more.
And *Alp* is the mountain that reaches the skies,
And *Nero* the tyrant whose deeds we despise.
To end this queer puzzle, just taste of the *sloe*,
And the name of that wild bitter plum you will know.
Felicia Hemans we all of us know,
Yet few can recall *Edgar Allen Poe*.

J. A. B.

The above corresponds with C. T. B.'s answer, excepting in the name of the plant, *Ipecacuanha*; and in the name of the cave, *Elephanta*.

2.

CHARADE.

If my first live much longer, a man he will be;
In my second reversed, a bright color you'll see;
The steps of my whole — I won't stop to count them —
Will lead you to eminence, if only you mount them.

W. N. E.

3.

SQUARE WORD.

This comes from a little girl. She says the first is a color; the second, before; and the third, a cave.

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